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*Sketches of
young ladies, by 'Quiz'.*

Edward Caswall, Google

W. N. Stocker



Thomas Handasyde.

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The Comedy of the Comedy.

SKETCHES

YOUNG LADIES

FOR THE USE OF THE LADIES OF THE GENTLEMANLY CLASS

AND OF THE LADIES OF THE GENTLEMANLY CLASS

INSTINCTS, HABITS, AND GENERAL CONDUCT

BY "PHIZ."

4

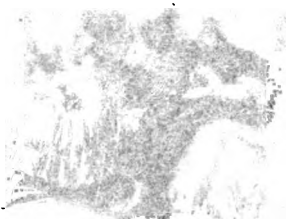
WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY

"PHIZ."

LONDON

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND

MDCCLXXXII



SKETCHES
OF
YOUNG LADIES:

**IN WHICH THESE INTERESTING MEMBERS OF THE ANIMAL
KINGDOM ARE CLASSIFIED,**

**ACCORDING TO THEIR SEVERAL
INSTINCTS, HABITS, AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.**

BY "QUIZ."

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY

"PHIZ."

LONDON :
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P R E F A C E.

WE have often regretted, that while so much genius has of late years been employed in classifications of the animal and vegetable kingdom, the classification of young ladies has been totally and unaccountably neglected. And yet, who can doubt but that this beautiful portion of the creation exhibits as many, if not more, varieties than any system of botany yet published? Nature, indeed, seems to have exhibited here, more than in any other part of her works, her uncontrollable propensity of ranging at freedom; and, accordingly, has beautifully diversified the female species, not only in respect to their minds and persons, but even in those more

important points, their bonnets, gloves, shawls, and other equally interesting portions of dress.

It was in vain that we waited for more than ten years in expectation of this philosophical theme being taken up by Cuvier, Dr. Lardner, or Mrs. Somerville. At last, tired of the delay, we determined on trying the subject ourselves, especially as we have always felt a singular pleasure in examining the diversities of the fair sex. There was, however, a difficulty started at the beginning, which seemed wholly insurmountable. How, thought we, are we to find hot-press paper sufficient to contain the characters of every young lady in this island? This consideration detained us two whole calendar months, for six hours a day, with our feet on the fender, our elbows on our knees, and our face in our hands. At last, after intense thought, we came to the conclusion that it might be possible to discover in the youthful fair, certain latent characteristics, under which

all the young ladies of this age and country might be classed, without describing each in particular. This idea no sooner struck us, than we sat down at once to our desk; and, allowing ourselves five minutes a-day, and no more, for eating and drinking, paused not till we had completed the whole of the treatise, which is now submitted to the public, and from which we shall no further delay the reader, except to add, that the Linnæan system hath been observed in this classification; all young ladies being Troglodites, and not Ichthyosauri, as Dr. Buckland hath erroneously observed in his late Bridgewater Treatise.

M. P.

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SKETCHES

OF

YOUNG LADIES.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SINGS.

THOSE who are at all acquainted with society in England must have remarked, that in every neighbourhood there is invariably a "young lady who sings." This young lady in general has a voice like that of a tin kettle if it could speak, and takes more pride in reaching as high as D sharp than if she had reached the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Whenever she is invited out, her "mamma" invariably brings four songs, by "that dear Mr. Bayly," three German songs, two Italian, and one French song. Sometimes, but not always, an ominous green box is brought in the fly along with the music, inclosing the valuable appendage of a guitar, with a sort of Scotch plaid silk ribbon of no earthly use dangling from the handle.

At tea, if you sit next to the young lady who sings, she is sure to talk about Pasta, and beyond

a doubt will ask you if you are fond of music. Beware here of answering in the affirmative. If you do, your fate is sealed for the night; and while half a dozen pretty girls are chatting delightfully together in one corner of the room, as far from the piano as possible, it will be your unhappy destiny to stand at the side of the young lady who sings, turning over the leaves for her, two at once in your confusion. At the conclusion of each song, it will be your particular business to repeat over again the words "most beautiful" three several times; and, while inwardly longing to be flirting with all the six pretty girls in the corner, you will be obliged to beseech and implore the young lady who sings to delight the company with another solo. Hereupon the young lady who sings coughs faintly, and says that she has a severe cold; but, much to her private satisfaction, is overruled by her "mamma," who, turning round from the sofa where she is seated, talking scandal with the lady of the house, says reproachfully, "Well, my dear, what if you have a cold—does that prevent you obliging us? For shame!" Then follows a short pantomime between mother and daughter, touching and concerning the next song to be sung. A German song is fixed upon at last, which the daughter goes through in the most pathetic style imaginable, quite ignorant all the time that the subject is a

very merry one. All the company pause in their conversation, except the six young ladies in the corner, and the old deaf gentleman who is playing with the poker, on each of whom respectively "mamma" looks scissars. The young lady, having gone right through from beginning to end, stops at last quite out of breath, as might well be expected when it is considered what a race her fingers have had for the last five minutes, in a vain attempt to keep up with her tongue. "How very pretty!" you observe; now that there is room for a word. "I think it is," replies the young lady who sings, in the most simple manner imaginable. "Mamma" now asks successively each of the other mammas whether any of their daughters sing, and, receiving a negative, addresses her daughter thus:—"Julia, love, do you remember that sweet little thing of Madame Stockhausen's, which she sang the other evening?" Here-upon another song follows, and then another at the particular request of the lady of the house, who is all the time dying for her own daughters to exhibit. In this manner the evening is spent; and, if you are particularly fortunate, you have, in return for your patient listening, the exquisite gratification of putting on the young lady's shawl, before she steps into the fly, in which she hums all the way home.

We have been a considerable frequenter of parties

in our time, and never went to one but the pleasure of it was interrupted more or less by the appearance of the young lady who sings. At last, on this very account we gave up going to parties altogether, till one day we had an invitation to a very pleasant house, and received at the same time from another quarter authentic information that the young lady who sings was gone into Wales. This news led us to accept the invitation at once. "At last," thought we, "we shall enjoy an evening in peace." We went. Coffee came in, and there was no sign of our enemy. Our heart leapt with delight, and we were just beginning to enjoy a philosophical conversation on raspberry-jam with the matter-of-fact young lady, when to our complete consternation, in walked the guitar, the young lady who sings, and her eternal "mamma," all three evidently bent on destruction. It appears that the young lady, hearing of the party, had kindly put off her departure for Wales just one day, on purpose to be present.

We can say nothing as to what followed this hostile incursion, for having been unhappily fated to the possession of a tolerable ear, we were obliged to beat a retreat at once. Since that memorable occasion we have never gone to any party whatever, without first ascertaining, beyond a possibility of doubt, that the young lady who sings is not to be one of the number.

THE BUSY YOUNG LADY.

WE used to suppose, in our more juvenile days, that there was but one "busy young lady" in the world; for at that time no more than one of this large class had come under our philosophic cognizance. This young lady was eternally occupied from morning till night in doing something or other, but what that was we could never discover, either for love or money. We confess that to our simple judgment it sometimes appeared, that she was never doing anything at all. But how could this be, when she used to assure everybody, a dozen times every day, that she was the busiest person in the world?

Among all her multifarious occupations, there was one at which she laboured with assiduity unequalled since the days of Penelope. This consisted in sitting before the fire in front of a wooden machine like a pillory, across which was drawn a very tight piece of canvass. On this canvass, with patience unparalleled, and energies that never gave way, she would work for hours, in the production of a green worsted cat with yellow eyes, and vermilion tail. Somehow or other, however, it is matter of historical fact, that she never got beyond the beginning of the tail and the tip of the left ear. Either her worsted was not

to be found when she wanted to re-thread her needle ; or somebody came in ; or somebody went out ; or she was called imperiously away to some other business of still greater importance, such as to water the new geranium ; or to write out a piece of music which she never finished ; or to take a ribbon off her bonnet ; or to put it on again ; or to change her shoes for a walk, which always ended in her changing her mind and not walking. It was not to be supposed that a young lady with so many occupations of her own making could find time for writing letters. Accordingly her epistles, unlike the epistles of young ladies in general, were for the most part very short and sprawly, and always broke up abruptly thus :—" Really, my dear, you can't think how busy I am just now. I have *so* much to do. We all unite," &c. &c.

It would be thought that, with all this business, our young lady would find some necessity for keeping her multitudinous concerns in some sort of manageable order. No such thing. Even our juvenile recollection enables us to make an affidavit, if necessary, that her little rosewood workbox, so prettily lined with blue silk, was sufficiently unarranged inside, to gratify the most inordinate lover of nature's irregularities. The thimble and scissars were everlastingly involved in a labyrinth of fancy coloured German wools. Did you wish to find a needle, you had a

longer voyage of discovery to make than Columbus himself. A piece of unentangled thread was out of the question. There were so many pieces of fashionable work, begun but never completed, lying higgledy-piggledy in that same workbox, that it might fairly be called the burial-place of fancy works cut off in their infancy. Let it not be supposed, however, that fancy alone was allowed to preside there. More than once, in the prying days of our youth, we have beheld, peeping out from under the lid, the toe end of a half-darned stocking, agreeably diversified with the unfinished fringe of an unwashed night-cap. Not to speak of all those unhappy gloves, belonging to young gentlemen, which the busy young lady had no sooner got hold of, promising to mend (a favourite practice of hers), than they might be considered as laid up in limbo for life; nor of the little pink memorandum book, which seemed to have an inborn predisposition of protruding itself to view, whenever there was a secret of unusual importance committed to it.

As we have observed before, we used in former times to consider this busy young lady as the only one of her class. By degrees, however, as we have enlarged our knowledge of things, we have discovered that she is only a type of a thousand others. There are now, within the range of our acquaintance, no

less than five fine specimens. Two of them are sisters, and, in a zoological point of view, may be considered the noblest pair, yet discovered, of those useful animals that practise the happy art of doing every thing and nothing at the same time.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

THERE is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady" ever since she came to an age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read *Corinne*, which at that time was going the round of the reading society.

At that period she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but we might have passed them over, had it not been for certain other expres-

sions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with three alphabets in red, blue, and black, with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her *infancy*;" after which, turning to a dandelion in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly if we loved flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doted on them, and verily believed that if there were no flowers she should die outright." These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone romantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she only gone mad, there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this, our romantic friend ran away with the hairdresser's apprentice, who settled her in the identical plain brick house so honourably mentioned above.

From our observations upon this case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in laying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first

place, you will observe that she always drawls more or less, using generally the drawl pathetic, occasionally diversified with the drawls sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always pitying or wondering. Her pity knows no bounds. She pities "the poor flowers in winter." She pities her friend's shawl if it gets wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste; nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." 'Tis singular that, with all this fund of compassion, she was never known to pity a deserving object. That would be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more ætherial texture. She never gave a halfpenny to a beggar, unless he was "an exceedingly picturesque young man." Next to the passion of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes, it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's History. She detests high roads. Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophising, in a small way, about the feelings. She is particularly partial to wearing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You

would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear, from her own lips, what an immense number of dear friends she has, both young and old, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never **known**, however, in her life to give one actual piece of information, except in a postscript. Her handwriting is excessively lilliputian, yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes recrosses again in invisible green. She has read all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got the complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is perfectly certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion, in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, the naturalist may lay down three principal eras in the romantic young lady's life. The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which time she gradually subsides into common sense.

THE EVANGELICAL YOUNG LADY.

FAR be it from us to decry true religion wherever it be found, more especially among the youthful fair, who can wear no ornament more precious or becoming. But of late there has sprung up a strange sort of morbid religion among the young ladies of our neighbourhood, which deserves especial notice ; since it is to this that we attribute the reduction of our county balls from four a year to one ; the total abolition of our archery meeting, and the insolvency of the dancing-master, who lives in the next town.

We carefully watched the whole progress of this disease in destroying the innocent mirth of our neighbourhood, and can affirm most indubitably on the strictest historical evidence, that it began with Miss Slugs, the attorney's daughter, about a year-and-a-half ago. That distance of time has now elapsed since upon paying a visit in that quarter, we found the once cheerful and vivacious Miss Slugs, sitting in the drawing-room in a very plain dress, with an extremely sulky look, and doing nothing. We began our conversation with her in our usual mirthful style, which she had been accustomed to approve of. But to each of our several witticisms she replied with only a cool yes or no. At last, fancying





that we had hit on something to please her, we asked whether she was going to the ball on Friday. What was our surprise when starting back in the utmost horror, Miss Slugs answered in this manner—"I thought," said she, "you were aware that I never go to balls now. I consider them to be extremely improper." After this she gratuitously quoted for our exclusive information two or three pages of Scripture, to all which we listened reverently, as we always do when Scripture is read, yet not without pain at thinking how greatly she perverted those doctrines, which however serious in their ultimate object, are yet in our humble opinion by no means opposed to occasional mirth.

We did not again visit Miss Slugs for some time ; but every now and then reports reached us that she was becoming daily more particular. First we heard that she had prevailed on her mother to dress the two maid-servants in a plain uniform of blue and white. Then came the report that she had set up a private Sunday school in opposition to the parish minister. By degrees she did not come to church so often as usual, leaving her mother to come alone. This surprised us particularly. We are curious, if not inquisitive. We called on our neighbours, enquiring the cause of this dereliction on the part of Miss Slugs. It appeared that in her opinion our

minister, who is a very excellent man, and a great friend of the Bishop's, did not preach the Gospel. We puzzled ourselves to discover what she could be at during church time, since she did not come to church. But the task was beyond us. A faint rumour, and nothing more, reached us that on such occasions she sat before the kitchen fire with the cook maid reading tracts. Accounts now spread of various small quarrels between Mrs. Slugs and Miss Slugs on the subject of religion. It seems the old lady could not be prevailed on to forswear a pink ribbon in her cap. Anything else she was willing to give up to please her daughter, but not the pink ribbon. The pink ribbon, therefore, was a perpetual source of dispute, which did not end till the daughter herself cut it off one night when her mother was in bed. This news, important as it was, hardly prepared us for the next step of Miss Slugs, which was no less than a secession from the Established Church. At first we doubted our ears—but the report gained ground, and there was no course but to believe it. All doubt was finally removed from our mind two or three weeks after by the witness of our own eyes. For as we were walking on a Sunday morning along the banks of a small river, we came upon a shady place where about two hundred persons were collected, all looking very intently upon the centre of the

stream. We ourselves turned our eyes in the same direction, and beheld the anabaptist blacksmith and carpenter in the very act of turning Miss Slugs backwards into the water. She was dressed in flannel for the occasion. The case was plain. Miss Slugs had become an anabaptist, and the next day—married the carpenter.

Although no other young ladies followed the example of Miss Slugs to the extent which she went, there was scarce one, saving and except the romantic and matter of fact young ladies, who was not touched with a spirit of secession more or less. With some the fit lasted a fortnight. With others three or four months. With a few half a year. During this time, the balls were attended by old maids only, and in consequence received great detriment, from which they have not yet recovered. At present, the young ladies are pretty nearly come back to their senses. It is only to be hoped that they will not now become as violently fond of amusements, as they have lately been violently opposed to them. This sudden change is often the case in republics, and perhaps even the republic of young ladies is not exempt from a liability to such an extravagance. In our humble opinion, to go to a ball three or four times in the year is both a rational and cheerful amusement for the young of both sexes.

But it is better to become an anabaptist at once, like Miss Slugs, than like some ladies whom I know, to waste heart, health, and energy, in a continual pursuit of irreclaimable frivolity.

THE MATTER OF FACT YOUNG LADY.

OPPOSED to the romantic young lady, a class daily becoming smaller, there is a class very common in these utilitarian times, whom we designate "the matter of fact young ladies," for want of a better name. These young ladies are always most particularly cautious in every thing connected with them and theirs. They were never known to receive a kiss from their male cousins, are always most punctiliously neat, and anticipate old maidenism by ten years, being scrupulous beyond measure in wearing dresses as plain and angular as themselves. Their conversation is wholly on actual things, without the slightest intrusion of an idea. They take literally every thing that you say, and are never surprised by any thing. You will not find a book of poetry on their shelves. The first row will beyond doubt be nothing but dictionaries; the second, abridgments of histories and recipes. In general they have no ear for music, and never touched a piano in their life. There are a variety of

things of which they could never see the use. Thus they could never see the use of drawing when prints can be had so cheap. They could never see the use of fancy work. They could never see the use of dancing.

We once met one of these matter of fact young ladies, in company with the romantic young lady. Nothing could be more amusing than the contrast. Whatever put the romantic young lady into ecstasies was sure to make the matter of fact young lady look more than usually dull and insipid. When the romantic young lady expressed her intense delight at the beauty of the evening, the matter of fact young lady averred that she could see nothing in the night more than common, except that it was very likely to give a cold.

But, to proceed with the characteristics which we were giving, it is to be observed that your matter of fact young ladies, if you are admitted suddenly into the sitting-room, will invariably be found engaged in the delightful process of mending a stocking. Your entrance, you would suppose, might interrupt this delicate work. By no means. The matter of fact young lady sees nothing in it, as some others of our weaker-minded acquaintance might ; but goes on as unconcernedly as ever, till the heel is finished off in regular rows of parallel straight lines, like a minia-

ture ploughed field. Every now and then, without lifting up her eye, she gives you a word which you answer. Her first question is invariably concerning the health of your paternal ancestor, her second ditto about your mother, her third ditto about your sister Mary Anne, and so on through the catalogue. She then hopes that you yourself are in good health, and, having declined the word health from beginning to end, asks confidentially who it is that mends *your* stockings, thus making a gentle reference to her own pleasing occupation. After this she tells you, without asking, to your eternal satisfaction, that her brother John went out shooting yesterday with a gun, and killed two sparrows; that her father is gone into the town about old Betty's leg, which she broke three weeks ago, in getting over the stile near Mrs. Smith's; and that her mother is in the kitchen, watching the cook making raspberry jam. This leads her to various acute observations, first on jam in general, and secondly on raspberry jam in particular. She asks you how your mother makes it; and, having thus amused you as much as she thinks proper for some twenty minutes, informs you graciously that she must be going now, since she "is wanted." You make your bow and exit together, saying inwardly "Hang her for a matter of fact young lady!"

THE PLAIN YOUNG LADY.

In every tolerable neighbourhood there are sure to be found four or five specimens of "the plain young lady;" by which term we do not simply understand a mere want of beauty, but also the actual appropriation and possession, more or less, of red hair, goggle eyes, black teeth, small pox, beard, and other agreeable et ceteras, all which together give to some of our young ladies a touching appearance not easily forgot.

One of the most striking characteristics of the plain young lady is her ignorance of dress. Whether she thinks herself too ugly to be improved any how, we know not; but certain it is, that she exhibits a most melancholy want of taste in this particular, always fixing on those especial colours which most exhibit the badness of her complexion. Then, again, in respect to the fit, she is seldom so particular as we could desire. She has never been known to send the same dress back to be altered more than five times running. When, however, we have brought these charges against the plain young lady, we have brought all. In every other respect she is generally to be admired. Almost all the plain young ladies, whom we have the pleasure of knowing, have got sweet voices, and many of them are blest with a very

good figure. Then they are sensible, in the long-run : sketch to perfection, and work like the very patron saint of sempstresses. In respect to this last particular we do not hesitate to say, that if two young ladies, one pretty and the other plain, were to oblige us by an offer of making a shirt collar, we would instantly fix on the plain young lady. Moreover the plain young lady is generally amiable, a great beauty in young ladies, for the want of which no other perfection can compensate. Never having been flattered, she has no affectation—and if you observe her narrowly you will find that she has picked up a great deal of useful knowledge one way or another.

For our own part we do not blush to own that of late we have acquired a particular preference for plain young ladies. Time was, indeed, when with the rest of our sex we thought lightly of them, but of this prejudice we were cured some months back in the following manner :—We had been told that a most particularly plain young lady was to be present at a small party to which we had been invited. This was told us in confidence, but so late as to prevent our sending an excuse. We prepared accordingly for the party with ominous forebodings : neglecting our usual accuracy in the tie of our stock, and the evenness of our silk stockings. The very first person to whom we were introduced was the plain young lady ;

and we found her to be still plainer than we had imagined. Fortune placed us next her at dinner. What could we do? We must be civil. Accordingly we hazarded three words of observation on the weather. The plain young lady replied; we were struck with her voice. She asked us a question which we could not answer; we discovered her to be clever. She went on; and we found that she was amiable. What remained but that in five minutes more we forgot that she was plain altogether! and have never been persuaded of it since. At tea we again sat next to the plain young lady, and were fast falling in love with her, when a friend whispered that she was engaged to the handsomest man in the neighbourhood.

From that time we have admired plain young ladies, and humbly request every other gentleman to follow our example—if he is able.

THE LITERARY YOUNG LADY.

If there is one young lady whom we should be more afraid of leading to the hymeneal altar than another, it is the literary young lady; by which term we do not simply understand the young lady who takes in the *Scientific Magazine*, but her whose

whole life and thoughts are so mixed up with literature, that she cannot, for the world, bring out a single consecutive sentence without touching on the state of letters here and abroad. What disgusts us most with the literary young lady, is the fact that she is invariably most particularly ignorant of every thing, and of nothing more than of her own ignorance.

The other day we called upon a young lady of this class, and the first words which she uttered were the following:—"Oh, Mr. P—, have you seen the new magazine; what's its name? You should see it. It's so cleverly conducted. I know it will please you." To this interrogation we answered in the negative, and were proceeding to enquire pathetically concerning the health of the literary young lady's grandmother, when she interrupted us by asking us seriously, upon our honour, how far Poltzikouski had got in his grand Russian dictionary. "Oh, Mr. P—," said she, "what a splendid work that will be when it's finished! I am so anxious. Only think! twelve cubic feet of knowledge, genuine Russian knowledge, all in a lump! Then there's the Pickwick for this month. Have you seen it, Mr. P—? Dear delightful Mr. Pickwick, how I love him!" Hereupon the literary young lady started at a tangent, without warning, into another room, which she calls her study, and,

within five seconds, came back with a small book, which she set before us, saying it was Spanish, and begging us to explain a sentence which she could not make out. "Only think," said she, "I began Spanish last Tuesday week, and am now at page 180 of Don Quixote. How I love that old Don Quixote! and it sounds so much better in Spanish too." Upon this the literary young lady commenced reading Spanish with such a pronunciation as would have caused us to run out of the room, if we had not been on the look-out for some luncheon. When she had got through a page to her no small satisfaction, she paused suddenly, and addressed us as follows:—"Now, Mr. P—, I've got you, and you shan't escape. Don't you remember that you promised to write down for me, in this album, one of your poetical effusions? Sit down, there's a good man. Here's the pen and everything. You need not fill more than four pages, but mind you write clear." Thus were we, half ravenous with hunger, forced to sit down and write for one mortal hour with no redress, half of which time the literary young lady was looking over our shoulder to see how we got on, and the other half translating a French divine into her best English, and a square red book. When we had concluded our performance, we thought we were released, and were preparing to depart to

the pastry-cook's, when the literary young lady compelled us to sit down and hear her criticisms upon Milton's verses, which we had just been writing from memory, but which, in her simple mind, she thought to be our own composition. She then informed us, gratuitously, that a most scientific work had been just published by Murray, with which we could not fail of being highly delighted. "But," said she, "mind you read it with attention. It is so very deep. I assure you I took all yesterday morning in getting through the first half. It's all about steam-engines, stars, hieroglyphics, and that sort of thing, you know. Highly interesting, I assure you. But I don't exactly agree with the author in what he says about steam-engines going by gas." This led to a long discussion on the state of science all over the world, and in that town in particular; and we verily believe we should have been compelled to stay till this moment, talking about franks, Ariosto, and craniology, had it not been for the fortunate entrance of the literary young lady's mother, who asked her angrily how she had forgotten to order dinner; whereto the literary young lady replied with dignity, that she could not always be thinking of such trivial matters. Hereupon "mamma" flew into a rage, and was just going to box the young lady's literary ear, when we made our escape.

The whole class of literary young ladies may be easily distinguished by their resemblance to our fair friend; but we shall add the following characteristics, that there may be no mistake. In the first place, if she does not esteem it too unintellectual to attend a ball, she always shows her contempt for it by wearing soiled kid gloves. Then, it is ten to one but she is radically inclined, and calls you mister. She scarce ever walks out except to the bookseller's, with whose young man she converses on the most easy terms imaginable, asking whether such a book has come out yet, and, if it has, what he thinks of it. In the circulating library she is well known, but only reads the scientific books. If she live in a town (as she does in nine cases out of ten), she is sure to know the writer of that very singular paragraph in last week's paper, but won't tell, ask her ever so much: that would never do! We have never yet had positive evidence of the literary young lady writing in poet's corner. In general she is above poetry, preferring history, philosophy, steam, and the fine arts. But yet we cannot help fancying that, in our paper of this week, some "Stanzas," entitled "Love's a Dream," are by our literary friend. They are so dry, and so borrowed. Then, again, the literary young lady is sure to have a collection of hand-writings, and three or four old halfpence, which she

calls her coins, and piously kisses one by one every time she opens the box, telling you that they belonged to one of the Neros, or so. Of late she has taken to political economy and geology, and tells you very profoundly that she highly approves of Cuvier.

Thus much for positive characteristics, two or three of which, if you find together in any young lady, set her down at once as an aspirant to old maidenism, in other words, as a literary young lady. For if it be true, as I have observed in society, that some young ladies become old maids sooner and others later, certain it is that the literary young lady outstrips all others in the race, and often becomes a confirmed old maid at the age of three-and-twenty, when her elders are still in their youth.

THE MANLY YOUNG LADY.

THERE is a sort of young lady rarely met with in these times, whom we call "the manly young lady." This specimen is found most in those counties where there is good hunting, and prefers the north to the south. There is one at present quite perfect within a hundred miles of Cambridge, and two-and-twenty year old, to use her own expression.

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a hundred miles of Cambridge, and two-and-a-half-year old, to use her own expression.



The manly young lady talks a great deal of dogs and horses, distinguishing them by their sex. Thus she feels no repugnance whatever in signifying to you her favourite female dog by a short monosyllable, and always says, "My mare." She always makes her calls on horseback, dressed in an old blue riding habit, none the better for wear, with a little ground ash in her hand, which she has a knack of flourishing about all the time she is speaking. She is generally seen with her father, the squire, a stout thick gentleman in tops. She was never known to work with a needle, but is a capital hand at netting with a large mesh for the fruit trees. Once, indeed, she attempted to hem a pocket handkerchief, but after two weeks' labour desisted in the middle of the work. Her shoes are always very thick at the sole; none of your weak flimsy ladies' shoes, but regular solids, and no mistake; made by John Cummings, the village manufacturer and post-office keeper, under her own express direction.

The manly young lady always wished to be a boy, ever since she was a child in arms. In conversation, she is most particularly positive; and should you sit next to her at dinner, ten to one but she puts you down half a dozen times at least. If you do not ask her to take wine before the fish is removed, she is sure to ask you herself, making you blush,

and looking all the time as unconcerned as if she were your father. Mind that on these occasions you fill her glass to the brim, if you wish to escape further confusion. Should you help her, as you do other ladies, no more than half full, she will not stickle at it, but will tell you at once that you don't half please her. One thing be most particularly cautious of, and that is, never to dine at the same table with her after you have been hunting in her company. She will be sure to entertain the party with some anecdote at your expense. Although our acquaintance is very extensive, we have known intimately but one manly young lady in our time, and of her we always felt afraid. It was quite wonderful how she would tell an anecdote making against our reputation as a horseman. Such bangers she would introduce for the sake of giving her stories a zest, that we felt half inclined to challenge her to mortal combat, forgetting altogether that she was a woman.

The favourite accomplishments of the manly young lady, are whistling and playing the flute. In general she changes with the barometer, which she has had hung up by a nail in her own bedroom for her own exclusive use. In fine weather, when she can get out, she is all spirits; in wet weather she sits moping in doors, looking over the Sporting Magazine, or reading Isaac Walton. She was never yet seen by na-

turalists in the act of reading a novel; and as for love stories, abhors them as trash. She is always certain of a pretty property, so what need is there that she should be falling in love? especially when she is so well able to take care of herself, that she has been known to travel alone, outside the coach, all the way from Manchester to London. We do not hesitate to affirm this, because we are certain that we ourselves once met her. It was about eleven at night, and our coach had stopped to take supper. We ourselves had been sitting inside to be out of the wind. We alighted, and, after two or three minutes' delay in looking after our trunk and bag, walked into the supper room. What was our surprise, to behold a young lady sitting at the head of the table, surrounded by strange gentlemen, and pouring out the tea, in the coolest manner imaginable, just as if the strange gentlemen were her own brothers. This, thought we, must be the manly young lady; and so it was, sure enough, as we soon discovered from her conversation, which turned entirely on the nature of the new patent drag.

Whether these sort of accomplishments are admired by the poor, we know not; but certain it is that the manly young lady is invariably beloved by her humble village neighbours. It might be thought that the true reason of this is a mutual vulgarity.

But here we beg to state most positively, for once and all, that, however vulgar may be what the manly young lady does, yet she has a way of doing it, and a sort of natural stylishness about her, which precludes the possibility of any one imagining her to be otherwise than a perfect lady in all points. This, indeed, might be expected from her birth ; for it is an invariable rule, that the manly young lady has good connections, and a baronet for her uncle at least, if not for her father. The true cause of her popularity with the poor we take to be this, that she has not got an atom of pride about her, but is both willing and able to talk with them familiarly on their concerns. She knows the proper age for killing a pig, and the best food for fattening him ; gives good advice about planting potatoes ; finds a buyer for the calf ; and calls all the children by their christian names, without confusing Jim with Jack.

We confess, to our shame, that, being of a retiring disposition, we had always held in abhorrence the manly young lady, whom we have before mentioned as our acquaintance. She frightened us ; and we, in turn, took every opportunity of avoiding both her and her anecdotes. One cold frosty morning, however, we were perfectly cured of our animosity, by meeting her walking through the snow, and carrying in her own hand a basin of broth for sick Betty

Gore. Since then, we have always felt an interest for her ; and were quite rejoiced when, a year afterwards, she married a young clergyman, and settled down all at once into the most domestic and useful of wives that we ever had the pleasure of numbering among our acquaintance.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS ENGAGED.

SOME of our readers may be surprised that we consider the fact of an engagement as sufficient to establish a young lady under an entirely new head of classification. But those who, like ourselves, are acquainted with the fair sex in a philosophical manner, must be well aware that, no sooner is a young lady engaged, than the very next second she is an altered being. We might almost say that she ceases to preserve her identity ; for, by this simple process, we have known the romantic young lady become sensible, the busy young lady become diligent, and the matter-of-fact young lady become romantic.

It is to no purpose that we have philosophised and re-philosophised upon the cause of this sudden change. Sometimes we have thought that all young ladies, without exception, must be hypocrites, and intentionally deceive the world in respect to their

true characters, until they become engaged. But this hypothesis we were compelled to give up as incompatible with the acknowledged amiability of the fair sex. Then we conceived the possibility of every young lady leading a sort of chrysalis life, and altering, by a particular regulation of nature, into various forms of character according to the various eras of young-lady life. Thus, before she comes out, she is a mere chrysalis; after she comes out, a gay butterfly; and when she is engaged, a sober moth. But even this position was untenable, when we considered, that whereas the butterfly undergoes fixed changes, the changes of young ladies are altogether without regularity, and cannot be counted upon as any thing certain. Other hypotheses we attempted, but none would explain the difficulty; so at last we relinquished the attempt for some future philosopher.

But, to return from this digression, we now proceed to show how you may satisfy yourself that a young lady is engaged or not.

First, then, there will always be a very strong report of it, one-third of which you may fairly believe, especially if your sisters have heard it from the ladies'-maid while she was "doing" their hair. When you have fully and philosophically established in your mind what quantum of belief the report

deserves, you may proceed to work, without delay, by paying a visit boldly at the house where lives the young lady herself. When you knock, mind that you knock softly. "Is any one at home?" you ask of John as he opens the door. "Only Miss Higgins, Sir," says John, with a knowing side-wink of the eye not meant, of course, for you to see. The next moment you are shown slap into the drawing-room, and there find Miss Higgins and Mr. Brown sitting opposite one another at each side of the fire. Here an unphilosophical intellect would jump at once to the conclusion that the report of their engagement is correct. I trust that your mind is too logical to be so hasty. At a single glance, like a great general, you mark their position, particularly observing whether the chairs appear to have been hurriedly separated at your approach. These observations I shall suppose you to make while walking from the door up to the fire-place. It depends now entirely on your own management whether your future manœuvres shall advance you a step in your line of evidence. Much, of course, must be left to circumstances, and much to your own peculiar genius. Some persons, of a coarse intellect, would cry out at once "Hallo! what's here?" and observe the degree of blushing on either side consequent upon such an exclamation. Of course, if you are vulgar, you will pursue this

course; but if you are a gentleman, as, for this book's sake, I hope you are, you will merely gently insinuate various observations bearing on the matter in hand, remarking particularly what ocular telegraphs pass between the parties all the while. Thus you come to the conclusion that there is a strong probability the parties are engaged. If the gentleman obstinately sit you out, of course that goes down as additional evidence.

Some persons might here rest satisfied with their discoveries—but you, I trust, have too much laudable curiosity in your nature, and too philosophical a turn of mind, to be satisfied with anything short of a categorical conclusion. You do not want to settle the hypothetical probability of the young lady being engaged; but whether at this present time she be actually, affirmatively, *bonâ fide* engaged. Accordingly keeping in your mind's eye every link of the chain of evidence already laid before you, you no sooner meet the gentleman some day by accident in the street, than putting on the most friendly tone imaginable, you shake him a dozen times by the hand, saying affectionately, “My dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily; from my soul I do. What a lucky man you are!” Hereupon, if your friend or acquaintance protest that he can't understand you, with a sort of falter in his voice, and semi-smile

struggling at each corner of his mouth, set him down as trying to deceive you. These signs you add to your former presumptive evidence, and so come at last to the conclusion that the young lady is engaged. Others may have reached the same point long before, but you alone have the conscientious satisfaction of having satisfied your praiseworthy curiosity, by gradual and certain steps, through a regular process of logical deduction.

We shall now give you for your help, in case you may still be at a loss, the following characteristics of the young lady who is engaged :—

In the first place you will observe that the other young ladies invariably make way every day for the same gentleman at her side, after which effort they will probably retire in a compact body to the furthest end of the room, and begin whispering. Then “papa” and “mamma” are always more deferential to her than common ; and every now and then at a party “mamma” may be observed looking anxiously about for her ; on each of which several occasions a young gentleman comes up and sits by “mamma” for some two minutes and three quarters, talking confidentially on some subject unknown. The young lady herself, if before this she was particularly shy of yourself and other young gentlemen, now talks to you all in the most sisterly and easy

manner possible. But this is only when the "gentleman" is away,—when he is present she only answers "yes" or "no" to whatever interrogation you may put. Then, again, mark the walk of the engaged young lady. Observe how matrimonial it is. None of your hop-steps-and-jumps, as it used to be, but a staid, sober pace, fit for Lady Macbeth. Even her dress alters and shifts itself to suit her new condition by a sort of automaton effort. Instead of fine French muslin, she is now content with the cheapest poplin. If you drop in early you are sure to find a handsome night-cap, half made, lying on the table under a heap of books hastily thrown over. The young lady herself, wonderful to say, has taken to accounts; and her "mamma" makes her spend half an hour or so every day in the kitchen, to learn pastry matters. Nothing more is wanting as a final confirmation of the surmises which these appearances tend to produce, than to meet the pair out walking together at some unusual time in some unusual place. This you will be sure to succeed in if you take the trouble; and however much others may be surprised some fine morning by the present of a small triangular piece of bride cake, you yourself will not be surprised in the least, but will go on with your muffin, just remarking by the way to your mother, "that you knew it all long ago."

THE STUPID YOUNG LADY.

THE stupid young lady comprises, to speak the truth, by no means a small class of the fair sex. Every one has met, in his time, with a specimen. It is generally very short, very fat, and very amiable. It always has a younger sister who surpasses it in every thing but good nature. Although it began music two years before the younger sister, it was overtaken in two years and three months, do what it would. The same with dancing, French, drawing, Italian, and geography. Although in each of these severally "mamma" gave the stupid young lady a fair start, its younger sister invariably passed it by, before the stupid young lady could look round. And yet it is very odd; but somehow or other the stupid young lady never showed any anger at this act of rebellion. Nay, if truth must be told, it is even hinted that more than once the stupid young lady has taken advantage of it, by claiming her younger sister's assistance when she was oppressed with the burden of a harder French exercise than usual.

There is a beautifully simple and philosophic expression ever in the stupid young lady's mouth, comprised in the three touching words, "I don't know." These three words are a perfect talisman in

her hands for getting her out of any difficulty, however great it may seem. "In what part of England is Liverpool?" asks "mamma." "I don't know," says the stupid young lady. "Who was Alexander?" "I don't know," says the stupid young lady. "In what period of the world did Abraham live?" "I don't know," says the stupid young lady, "but I should think—" "What do you think, love?" says mamma encouragingly. "I should think in the dark ages, mamma."

Such are the sort of answers which the stupid young lady gives to "mamma," or the governess. But the most amusing thing of all, is to see her studying Rollin alone. The other day we had the good fortune to be shown into the drawing-room, while the stupid young lady was sitting before the fire engaged in this very task. We shall never forget her appearance. There she sate on a low stool, looking so fat, so stupid, and so amiable, that we half burst out laughing. "I'm reading Rollin," said the stupid young lady, without rising. "It's very hard. All about Macedonians, Greeks, Turks, and heretics. I can't understand one word." "I dare say not," said we. The stupid young lady sighed from the bottom of her heart, like the plaintive grunt of a sleeping pig. "What can be the use of reading at all, Mr. P.? Mamma says that it's

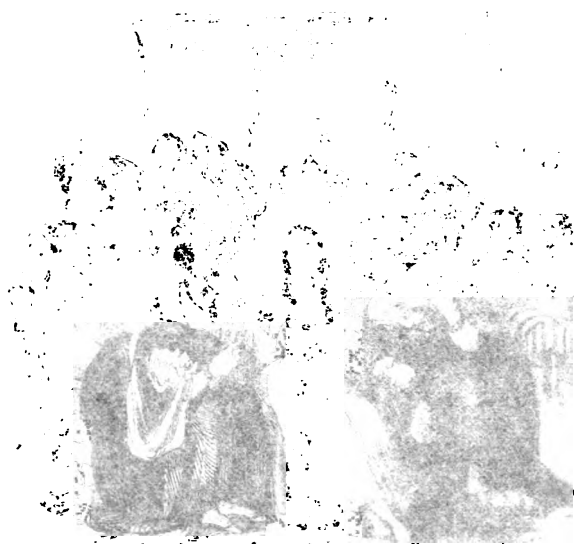
very profitable, but I am sure I don't think so." Hereupon the stupid young lady fell half asleep, and dropped her Rollin inside the fender. We picked it up, as in duty bound, and presented it to her. "I don't want it," said the stupid young lady.

Whether her stupidity be the cause, we know not, but certain it is that the stupid young lady always has an extremely happy face. She is quite the picture of health and contentment. Nothing can put her out. Nothing can alter her spirits, which go as uniform as a patent chronometer. Whenever there is any easy tedious work to be done, it is always passed over to her as a matter of course. I will vouch that she darns all her brother's stockings. She is always willing to oblige where she can, and is both liked better and teased more than any other member of the family. We have been quite delighted at seeing her playing a duet with her younger sister, in which, although she has the secondo, she is constantly making a world of blunders, and is as constantly rebuked by her mother, and frowned on by her sister. She tries again and again, but with no better success. The two sisters invariably get out before they have played twenty bars. "Mamma" gets in a passion, and calls her a "stupid thing." "I know I am," says she. Ditto, says her sister; ditto reply. At last both sister and mother look

quite perplexed and pained. Intense grief is on the face of each, especially if the duet be before company. Turn for a moment from the face of these two, to the face of the stupid young lady, the guilty cause of all this anxiety. Absolutely there she sits without a single ruffle disturbing her broad, fat, contented face. "How very amiable!" whispers one of the company. "What a delightful temper!" says a second. "I declare I like that stupid Miss Brown," says a third, as she is going home in the carriage. "She is so good natured. It's quite ridiculous."

THE INTERESTING YOUNG LADY.

WHOEVER is at all in the habit of going to evening parties, must have frequently observed, sitting on the sofa by the fire side, with an air of the most profound melancholy, the interesting young lady. She is generally jammed in between two fat old ladies, who talk across her, but in whose conversation she never bears a part. Her face is unusually long; something between tallow and spermaceti in complexion. A long corkscrew ringlet dangles down at each side, round which she occasionally twists her fore-finger in a solemn melo-dramatic style. Evidently her thoughts are "far away." She never utters



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a syllable to any one. Now and then she wrinkles her forehead just to denote the intense misery that is passing within. Her posture, so far as can be contrived between two fat old ladies, is essentially picturesque; her head thrown back in a delightfully negligent manner; her eyes turned up to the ceiling; her legs crossed, with the toe slanting downwards, as straight as a ruler, and one of her hands thrown carelessly on her lap, upside down.

At each introduction, she bows in the most elegant style imaginable. A gracious smile lights up her features for a moment; after which she relapses into her former unconscious state of profound thoughtfulness. Blue, diversified with white, is her constant dress; not an ornament is to be seen, except that simple little black cross, which gives the final touch to her interesting appearance, making her look like that most touching of all beings, a persecuted Roman Catholic young lady.

“What an interesting young creature,” says every one to every one. “Poor thing! how melancholy she looks! What can be her name?”—“Eliza de Lacy,” replies the lady of the house, highly delighted. “Eliza de Lacy. What a pretty name!” says each young lady who hears the disclosure, and straightway retires into a corner with some other young lady, to talk over the interesting pale unknown.

At an early hour the interesting young lady's papa comes from his rubber, puts a shawl of some unusual pattern round her very carefully, and marches her away. Every one feels relieved at her departure, and yet the interesting young lady has gained her end. She has produced a sensation. No sooner is she outside the door than she becomes perfectly natural and merry again—satirises the two fat old ladies most unmercifully—retails all their scandal in the most piquant manner—quizzes the mistress of the house till her father splits his sides—and, finally, goes to bed with the delightful conviction that all the neighbourhood will be talking of her, more or less, for the next week to come.

THE PETTING YOUNG LADY.

WERE we to define the petting young lady, we should say that she is one who loves every living thing which is small. The fact of being small is quite sufficient to guarantee her affections without any additional requisite whatever. So strong is this love of hers for smallness in any shape, that her favourite term for expressing intense admiration is the word "little." Thus if she see a horse which pleases her, she instantly cries out "What a dear little horse!"

although the horse be as big as a hay-stack ; if a dog, "What a nice little dog !" if a house, "What a sweet little house !" Her whole language is a compound of diminutives. Instead of saying "mouse," she says "monsey ;" instead of "aunt," "aunty ;" instead of "shoe," "shoey." The petting young lady began her small existence with loving a little doll. When she was three years old she fell in love with a little lamb, an affection which lasted till the little lamb became a large sheep, on which act of insubordination she discarded him into the hands of the butcher. Her next attachment was a little dog, till the little dog became a big dog ; on which she took a little canary and a little kitten. Of late she has been petting a little pony, till it is ready to burst : and finds no delight so great as in nursing a most particularly small baby belonging to the married housemaid, which she calls a sweet dear little thing, and half suffocates with hugging, at least a dozen times a day. If you call at the house you will be sure to find her in tribulation about some favourite. Either her chicken has broken its leg ; or her spaniel has shattered his constitution by tumbling off her lap upon the rug ; or her pet pig has been slaughtered for salting ; or her canary has been killed by the cat. It is quite surprising what a

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host of troubles she has; you would fancy her the mother of a dozen children at least.

And yet with all this excessive love for animals, a hundred to one but she is unkind towards her younger sisters, if she have any. Her selfishness knows no bounds. She is always appropriating. When you call, take care how you lead the conversation to zoology. She will be sure to coax you for a little Chinese pig, or a little Andalusian cat, or a little Mexican dog, the uglier the better. A much cheaper way of gaining her regard is to kiss severally each and all of her pets in regular rotation. This will be sure to please her, and when you go away, she may perhaps eulogistically say of you, if you are particularly lucky, "What a nice little man!"

THE NATURAL HISTORIAN YOUNG LADY

THE difference between the petting young lady and the natural historian young lady is, that while the petting young lady loves living small things, the natural historian young lady loves dead small things. But as insects (which are her particular forte) will not die on purpose for the natural historian young lady, and as they are of no use to her

unless they are dead, it follows as a natural consequence that they must be killed. Now, the natural historian young lady is always a most surprisingly humane person; accordingly, to her infinite honour, she always contrives to kill the insects in the manner most agreeable to their feelings. Sometimes she drives a heated needle bolt through the head of a beetle, taking a humane caution to sever the spine; because, as she says, that is the seat of sensation. Sometimes she deluges a spoonful of oil over some other equally fortunate animal, which, she assures you, kills him directly; although to be sure his legs go on moving for five hours and upwards afterwards, owing, as she philosophically observes, merely to the muscular motion.

But when the natural historian young lady has a desire to be most particularly humane, she goes into the butler's pantry, and brings out a tumbler in the most mysterious looking manner. This tumbler she deposits up-side down on a piece of white paper, upon the table in the drawing-room. Then she goes to cook for half a dozen matches, which she lays by the side of the tumbler; and lights a small taper which she deposits on the other side. Not being one of the initiated, you wonder what magical rite she can be about to perform. Once more she goes out, probably into her bed-room, and returns

with three small live butterflies, the produce of her morning's natural historic excursion. These she tenderly places, one by one, under the tumbler, in the position most suitable to their personal comfort, and straightway lighting the matches, fills the tumbler with sulphur smoke. The three butterflies fly round and round the inside of the tumbler, vainly struggling in their agony to escape. The natural historian young lady looks on, well pleased to observe them become sensibly weaker and weaker. In this state she leaves them for an hour, while she goes to read the chapters in the Bible, and returning at the expiration of that time finds them still alive. What can the natural historian young lady do? She does what humanity prescribes. Instantly another bundle of matches is lighted and applied to the same tumbler; by which process, repeated two or three times more, the butterflies at last are dead in less than eight hours after beginning to die. Upon this happy consummation, the young lady takes them out, drives a pin with the greatest unconcern through the middle of each, and fixes them like impaled criminals on a row of corks in the bottom drawer but one of her "museum."

Such is the principal business of the natural historian young lady's innocent existence; besides which, however, she cultivates botany and mineralogy in a

small way. She has a *hortus siccus* of her own, containing two dandelions, a primrose, and three daisies, all in a dried state, and every one of them without exception her own collecting. She has one side of a drawer entirely devoted to a piece of copper ore, a piece of iron ore, a piece of glass, and a lump of coal in its natural state. In conversation, it is quite wonderful what hard words she will use; so long! and sounding like Greek at the least, if not Hebrew! And yet the natural historian young lady treats them just as familiarly as though they were common words of English extraction. It is quite delightful to hear her. But after all, the most delightful thing in young ladies of this class is their skill in theorizing. Such an accumulation of knowledge, to be sure, they bring to bear on their theories! and such theories! you would fancy them philosophers in petticoats. Their favourite theory of all, is the insensibility to pain on the part of the brute creation, especially insects. A very comfortable theory certainly, so far as regards their own conscience, but possibly not quite so comfortable for the harmless insects which they destroy. And yet the natural historian young lady is not cruel. Far from it. We have seen her cry, absolutely shed tears, when her own finger has been cut. And so far from possessing an instinctive love for the smoke

of sulphur, she cannot even bear the parlour when it is full of common smoke. All this proves her to be a humane person, a very humane person, and yet we shall always most cautiously avoid tying ourselves for life to her; not because we think her cruel; far from it; but simply because we are afraid that in case of our dying before her, she would cause us to be stuffed, and sent in a glass case to the British museum as a natural historic curiosity.

THE INDIRECT YOUNG LADY.

THERE is a sort of young lady altogether indigenuous to this island, whom we call the indirect young lady, from her aversion to answer any question in a straight-forward manner. You would almost suppose, from her answers to the commonest interrogatories, that she was a prisoner on trial at the Old Bailey.

The other day we had the singular fortune to fall in with a fair specimen of this class. She had lately, we knew, been at a ball. We expressed our hope that she had not caught cold in returning therefrom. "Why, as to that, Mr. P.," replied she, "really I don't know what to say; I may have caught a cold, and I may have not caught a cold. It's so difficult

to know for certain." "Very true," said we at this most cautious piece of philosophic reply; "but how did you like the ball itself?" "Really," said the indirect young lady, "I am hardly prepared to answer that question. Most of my friends seemed to like it very much." "Certainly," said we, and, perceiving that on this point at least the young lady was determined not to commit herself, hastened to another topic of conversation, by seriously observing, that it was a fine day. "Why," said she, "I hardly agree with you there. It isn't exactly fine;—is it?" "Certainly not," said we; "but, by-the-by, is it true that we are going to lose you, and that you are going to live in Hampshire?" "Really, Mr. P.," replied the indirect young lady, "I think Hampshire is a very pleasant county." "Very pleasant, indeed," said we, completely stopped on all sides from pursuing the conversation further: whereupon the indirect young lady commenced interrogatories on her side, and did not pause one second, till she had gained from us definite answers to every piece of scandal that is going the round of the neighbourhood. We retired completely crest-fallen, and vowing most particularly that we would never again trust ourselves in company with the indirect young lady.

THE HYPERBOLICAL YOUNG LADY.

THE hyperbolical young lady is one who exaggerates every thing that she hears, sees, or does, till every separate act of her existence turns out to be an absolute miracle. There is always one hyperbolical young lady in every crowded neighbourhood, and she generally has an old father, or young brother, who at each of her several white lies constantly cry out, the one "Pish," and the other "Humbug;" whereupon the hyperbolical young lady turns invariably just slightly red in the face, and says angrily, "Well I understood so, papa;" or, "You never will believe any thing, John."

We had long wondered how the hyperbolical young lady could always find subject matter sufficient for her white lies, so as never to be at a loss the whole day. One morning we were detained by the rain, on a visit to her father. The hyperbolical young lady came in. "Only think," said she, "the rain has washed a hole in the roof just over our bed-room, at least a yard square." "How can you say such a thing, dear?" said papa; "you know that at this instant there are not enough drops come through to wet a towel." From danger by water the conversation turned to danger by fire. "I remember," said the hyperbolical

young lady, "quite well, setting fire to a newspaper which I was holding before the fire to dry, when I was only two months old. What a fright it put me in!" "Very natural you should," said we; "it was a very providential escape." "Very odd, wasn't it?" said the hyperbolical young lady; "but what's odder, this morning the gardener found four dozen cock sparrows, all dead in a heap, under one gooseberry bush. I thought I heard in the night a battle going on among the cock sparrows, for the noise woke me." "There were only four sparrows, Lucy," chimed in brother John, "and that you know as well as me. And what's more, I shot them before breakfast with my gun." "Then I suppose the gardener was mistaken, John," said the imperturbable Miss Lucy; "but what do you think, Mr. P——? when I was combing my hair last night, more than ten million sparks came out of it, and flew all round the room like ever so many squibs. There was *such* a smell of fire." "That's another banger," said John; "you know you said, at breakfast, there was only one little spark." "I will thank you, John, not to use that word," said our hyperbolical friend with dignity; "it's highly improper: you're always teasing." Hereupon she commenced an incipient blubber, and, having no relish for domestic broils, we took our departure.

"What a pity, thought we," as we walked home,

“that this young lady, in other respects so amiable, has been suffered to indulge a childish habit of exaggeration to such an extent, that now her best friends can only excuse her of a vice, by denouncing her as a fool !”

THE WHIMSICAL YOUNG LADY.

THE class of whimsical young ladies has been very much on the increase of late in this kingdom, ever since the French revolution. In our inland county the two first specimens appeared about ten years ago. Evidently they were not indigenous ; most persons supposed that they had migrated from the West End. However that be, they took to the county as if it had been natural to them, and presently led various neighbouring young ladies to follow their peculiar habits and instincts. Six years after their settlement, there were no less than eleven young ladies of the county, to our certain knowledge, become whimsical. The infection spread—and at this present moment there is no village without its whimsical young lady, who never knows her own mind for three minutes together.

This singular animal may be known by the following characteristics :—She is always changing her

purpose. Thus, having most particularly informed you that she requires you to walk out with her, you have no sooner prepared yourself with no small degree of extra attention, than you meet her at the bottom of the stairs in an in-doors dress; and she informs you graciously that she is going to draw. Off you run for the portfolio at her earnest request, and bring it back out of breath, your new coat covered with a pleasant layer of dust from the cover. "I'm so sorry I gave you this trouble, Mr. Sparks," says the whimsical young lady, in the most enchanting manner possible. "I've just determined that drawing is a bore; and so you may take the portfolio back, if you please." You inwardly think that if drawing is a bore, the whimsical young lady is a greater bore—but as the whimsical young lady is generally good looking, (for it would by no means be the thing for a plain young lady to be whimsical) you console yourself as you best can, by considering that she would not have given you all this trouble, if she didn't like you. Ill-fated supposition! for that you may not be ignorant, let me assure you that the same young lady exhibits her whimsicalities much more towards the maid-servant, "Jenny," than even towards your most noble self. "Jenny, I shall wear that Irish poplin this morning." "Yes, Miss," says the obsequious Jenny, and brings the gown directed

The whimsical young lady gazes at it for an instant with intense delight. Of a sudden her countenance changes from no visible cause. "Stop, Jenny,—I'm thinking that after all I won't wear the poplin.—Just go and bring my merino,—there's a good thing." Off goes Jenny on a second excursion; and is no sooner come back than our whimsical lady cries out, "Don't bring that odious merino, Jenny,—it will make me sick. The old black silk, which aunt Mary gave me, will do quite well enough." In this manner she sends Jenny through the whole wardrobe on a regular voyage of discovery. Then follows a long uncertainty on the manner in which her hair is dressed. The uncertainty ends in a conscientious conviction that the hair ought not to have been plaited, as it is. The patient Jenny unplaits it, and "does" it in two huge, staring, impudent bows, cocked over each eye. The whimsical young lady looks in the glass. The hair won't do yet. It must be plaited again into three tails, hanging down behind, and reminding you for all the world of a gentleman-farmer's cart-horse, in his Sunday best.

At breakfast it is all the same. When the question is first propounded to the whimsical young lady whether she will have bread or toast—she says "toast." The next moment she alters her mind

and says "bread." Then "toast" again—and so on, through all the rest of that important meal.

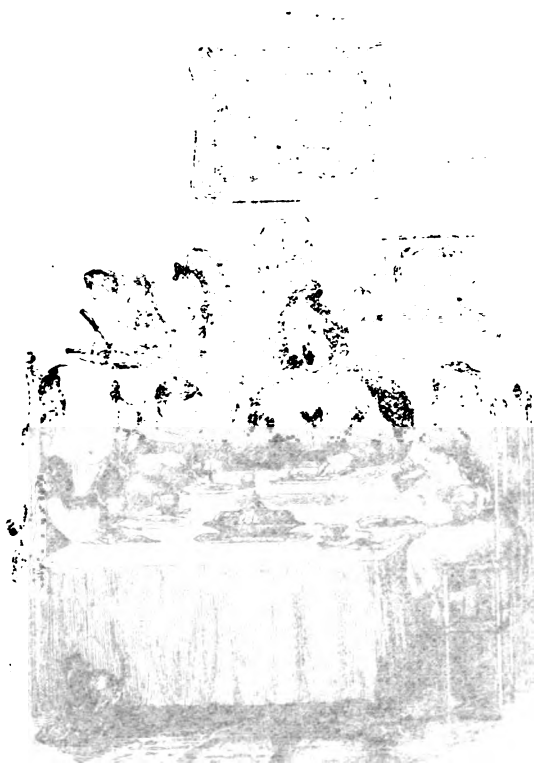
But the queerest thing of all in the whimsical young lady is the rotation in which her various whims come. Sometimes she has a whim about one thing, which lasts three days, then about another, which lasts a week. There are some which keep by for a year,—others for an hour at most. A young lady of this class, an acquaintance of ours, was wholly unable to eat roast beef for seven weeks and three days; after which she took to it on a sudden, and liked nothing better. Soon afterwards she was attacked by another whim; which lasted four calendar months. 'Twas very strange, but somehow or other she couldn't help laughing whenever she heard the old hundredth. This was succeeded by a whim which lasted a year, and consisted in an unconquerable antipathy to cows. All this time whenever she saw a cow, large or little, black or white, with horns or without horns, she always fell into a fright. You would think it a case of animal magnetism. Yet no sooner was the year out, than she walked through a whole drove of bullocks as unconcerned as an elephant.

Such are the singular phenomena which exhibit themselves in the whimsical young lady, and from a deep consideration of which we have been led to classify whims in the following manner:—first, the

whim ephemeral; secondly, the whim hebdomadal; thirdly, the lunar whim, or whim which is comprised in a revolution of the moon; fourthly, the solar whim, or whim which lasts a year. Not to speak of those singular whims which, like comets, have no orbit yet discovered, but come and depart without warning, the greatest philosophers on earth not being able to pronounce when they will return.

THE ABSTEMIOUS YOUNG LADY.

THERE is a class of young ladies, not uncommon, whom we denominate "the abstemious young ladies." This sisterhood seem to live, by all accounts, on air, and nothing else. You never see them eat, and yet they are tolerably stout too. We have known them weigh from eleven to twelve stone, which is pretty well for an abstemious young lady. At a dinner party they leave every thing on their plate, after just picking up a morsel not sufficient for a tom-tit. Observe how daintily they hold their knife and fork—just by the extreme end of the handle—so that, even if they were disposed to that vulgar habit of eating, they could not lift up more than one grain avoirdupois. The lady of the house is continually pressing them to eat, with the most anxious solici-



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Mr. & Mrs. Jones's Family.

tude for their well-being. "Really, Miss Carolina, you must eat something. Take a piece of boiled turkey : do pray. A little bit of roast beef. John, take Miss Carolina Webster's plate for a slice of beef."—"Really, Mrs. Hopkins," answers the abstemious young lady, "I do assure you I have made a most excellent dinner. I never eat more. Ask mamma." Hereupon Mrs. Hopkins, with anxiety quite maternal, interrogates Mrs. Webster touching and concerning "poor" Carolina's appetite ; to which Mrs. Webster replies with dignity—"I can assure you, Mrs. Hopkins, that what Carolina says is quite true. She is a very little eater—a very very little eater indeed." This settles the matter.

In our juvenile days we used frequently to come in for these sort of colloquies, and yet invariably could not fail of observing, that the abstemious young lady, despite of what her mother said about her little eating, was always, without exception, the fattest young lady in the room. This inconsistency used to puzzle our philosophical brains most completely. "How can this be?" thought we. "By what miraculous intervention, by what freak of nature, does it come to pass, that the fattest young lady is always the one who eats least?" We considered and re-considered the case, but could find no answer. At last, in sheer desperation, we determined upon

putting the matter to a test, by watching closely the young lady herself. "Who knows," thought we, "but there is some sort of invaluable gas which the abstemious young lady inhales every morning; or perhaps she lives on milk and arrow-root; or, most likely of all, she lives, like a snipe, by suction, and only feeds on juices." Our desperate resolution was fixed. We determined to thrust ourselves suddenly into the presence of the abstemious young lady, when she least expected it, and, by a bold stroke to solve the problem. There only wanted an excuse for breaking in upon the abstemious young lady's private existence. We procured from our sister Letitia a piece of new music, which the abstemious young lady had expressed a wish to see, and, thus armed, between the hours of one and two, started on our adventurous excursion, and thrust ourselves unannounced slap into the parlour.

Our doubts were resolved in an instant, but not in the way which we expected. We beheld no gas—no arrow-root—no suction. At a large table, surrounded by her younger sisters, (each a fat pattern of herself in their various degrees of size) sat the abstemious young lady. In a large dish before her lay the mangled remains of a huge leg of mutton. She herself was devouring with all her might, doubtless as an example to the younger ones. She was rather

chagrined, it was clear, at our approach. But we were too juvenile to notice things. So at least she seemed to consider on second thoughts. For telling the maid servant to set a chair, she first helped us, and then continued eating without stopping once till her plate was cleared. How was our small mind surprised at beholding that mouth, which we had considered as sealed for ever, now employed in the full operation of gormandizing! We sate in silent wonder. A large round plum pudding came in. The abstemious young lady helped each of her sisters to a small piece, then us to a large piece, and then herself to a larger. We were thirsty. She gave us a tumbler-full from her own jug. We drank,—it was porter. The cloth was removed, and then the abstemious young lady found time to inform us, that she always carved for the children, and made her own little luncheon at the same time. "I had thought it was your dinner," said we, simply. "By no means," said the abstemious young lady.

The mystery was explained. We returned home another person, a foot higher at the least. Such was the success of our first philosophical enquiry into the phenomena of the young lady creation.

THE SINCERE YOUNG LADY.

THERE is a class of young ladies, rapidly hastening to extinction, who make a point of always, in every circumstance, speaking exactly what they think. They really seem to suppose that every one likes to be told the truth, and have evidently formed the unphilosophical idea that not to say every thing you think is as criminal as to say what you do not think.

This theory is always gaining enemies for the sincere young lady. "How do I look this morning, dear?" says her aunt. "Why, aunt," replies the sincere young lady, "if you ask me, I must say that I think you look older than usual." "Very glad to see you," says Mr. Augustus Johnson. "I don't believe it," says the sincere young lady. "Pray, why did not you and your mother dine with us last Thursday?" asks Mrs. Rackett. "The truth is," answers the sincere young lady, "we had a more pleasant engagement."

But the most unpleasant thing in the sincere young lady is her volunteering truths without being asked at all. The other day we were singing a duet with the abstemious young lady. Up comes the sincere young lady, and says, in a compassionate

tone, "You don't sing near so well as you used." "Miss Dobson likes chicken, so we have got one on purpose," says the good-natured Mrs. Starks. "I dislike it particularly," says the sincere young lady.

With all this, however, we cannot help allowing that if we dislike the sincere young lady, we respect her no less. She has a high idea of truth; and, like few of her sex, may be trusted with a secret in a case of emergency. The pity is that she cannot distinguish, and thus often hurts the little vanities of people, at the very time when she is most studious of their regard.

THE AFFIRMATIVE YOUNG LADY.

THE affirmative young lady is just contrary to the sincere young lady, and is so fond of pleasing that, at the expense of truth, she is willing to agree with every one. That touching and expressive monosyllable "yes" is always on her lips. She not only answers every interrogatory with it, but even intersperses it among her own sentences at every fifth word. Her genius is shown chiefly in lengthening and shortening its pronunciation, in such a manner as to express the different modifications of affirmation. She can whine it out in such a lengthy

dubious manner, y—e—s, as to make it signify almost “no.” She can pronounce it deliberately “yes,” as the result of patient investigation. Or she can repeat it hurriedly several times together, “yes, yes, yes,” denoting impatience. In short, her ways of using the word yes are so various that she may be said to have been born with yes in her mouth, and to have lived upon “yes” ever since; thus giving a capital chance to all matrimonial pretenders; and, as it were, practising beforehand for that most important “yes,” to which we are assured all young ladies look forward so aspiringly. “You have a nice garden,” said we one day to the affirmative young lady. “Y-e-s,” replied she, “it is a very nice garden; yes; a particularly nice garden; yes; but your garden is better; yes; a great deal better; yes.”

The affirmative young lady is generally esteemed most especially good-natured, yet we hold that her disposition to agree with every one is in fact rather the result of a disinclination to be bored. There is nothing so absurd but she will agree to it, if you propound it to her. Right or wrong, it's all one to her, so that she hear no more of it. Some persons think that she is treacherous, and humours every one merely that she may laugh at them the more behind their backs. We don't think so. Such a

design is too deep to be attributed to her. Besides she really likes to see people at ease with themselves, and thinks it her duty to make every one as happy as possible, which is the reason why she was never known to say an unkind thing, or what could in any manner hurt the feelings of another.

Alas! that she will not use one small grain of judgment, and try to be a little respected, when she is so sure of being beloved.

THE CLEVER YOUNG LADY.

ONE of our favourite characters among young ladies, is the clever young lady, the only one of young ladies who unites a complete milliner's education with a knowledge of things in general. She will read you out Silvio Pellico into good English, at the same time that she is making a cap on new principles for her grandmother. She always makes all her own dresses in the most elegant style imaginable; has been known to turn her straw bonnet twice, and make it look better for the change each time; and yet all this does not prevent her from keeping an album full of the wittiest and most pathetic things in the world, half of which she wrote

herself off hand, with the most ludicrous illustrations done with her own pen, as well as Phiz himself.

Then she always knows the population of every town, and the name of every village within a hundred miles round, and has got all the neighbouring M.P.'s pat in her recollection. You may ask her any question you please, and she will answer you better than any one else in the room, notwithstanding the young gentleman from Cambridge is present. Her chronology is perfect, from Noah to last Monday : you would think she had a little almanack packed snug in some corner of her brain ; and yet, you wouldn't believe it ! but she invented her own chronological system herself. Observe her writing : what a beautifully neat hand ! and so talented ! as the literary young lady says. Then she is always inventing some pretty toy for the children. And at the last fancy fair, more than half the things, and all the best of them, were made by her. There is no odd or end, from silk to canvass, which she cannot convert into a perfect treasure.

By-the-bye, speaking of that fancy fair, it was she who set it all going. Who would have thought it possible to get up a real fancy fair in this village ? And yet the clever young lady managed it, and very well, too, ma'am, let me tell you. Who was it but she that caused her father's antiquated barn to be

decked out so prettily for the occasion? and then, when the company came, wasn't she every where at the same time, raising the prices, and saying witty things on each article? especially that remarkable witty thing which she said to a gentleman, who was looking very earnestly in the direction of her stall. For, thinking that he was looking at a blue pincushion, she said to him, "that's half-a-crown;" to which, when the gentleman answered, "I was not looking at the pincushion, but at you." "That," said the clever young lady, "is five shillings." Thus by her industry alone she raised the sum of twelve pound ten and seven pence, all for the poor: and every one knows to this day, that all the articles together were not worth fifteen shillings.

But perhaps you might think the clever young lady superficial. No such thing. Let me tell you, sir, that although she doesn't show it, sir, she knows all Genesis in Hebrew, and has read more German divines than the literary young lady herself, sir. But, sir, the fact is, she has such good taste that she knows better than to intrude upon any one her knowledge either of Hebrew, or German, or music, or conchology, or heraldry, or botany, or French, each of which she knows much better than a hundred gentlemen pretenders. Then, too, what delightful crust she can make! It is quite an era in

one's life to eat one of those little carroway biscuits, her own recipe by the bye. Such a useful person too she is in the parish!—our new curate positively couldn't get on without her. Some say indeed that he is so aware of this, he is determined to have her for his own property altogether, but this is between you and me. Who is it but she that gives him lists of the old men who want flannel waistcoats, and the young girls who want to get into the Sunday School? We declare upon our honour that we never knew such a useful, such an invaluable young lady; and when we say this for her, we say a great deal for her, let me tell you, miss. For young ladies are not generally useful creatures; but much oftener in the way, miss—and besides she is very amiable and unaffected too, and always doing good, so that at this present moment, there is no young lady to whom we wish better, or whom we admire more than the clever young lady.

THE MYSTERIOUS YOUNG LADY.

THE mysterious young lady has so strong a natural partiality for secrets, that she was never known to tell one, unless it were to gain another. Not that she has anything in the world which it is of vital im-

portance to keep secret, but she is of opinion that her own dignity is materially increased by her being supposed to know anything which to the generality is unknown.

On this principle, whatever is told her, whether in confidence or not, she instantly converts into a secret, just as a miser turns everything into gold. She laughs. Some one asks the reason—"a secret," says she. She looks melancholy—you ask what's the matter, "I mayn't tell," says she. Every thing with her is a mystery. 'Tis quite surprising out of what trivial matters she will play the Machiavel. Her very movements are mysterious. Sometimes she will walk four times in a morning down the village and back again, apparently in great haste. All the neighbouring windows are in a state of excitement. "What *can* Miss Wells be after? Something important must be going on—either the flannel waistcoats are to be distributed, or the new penny reading books." By no means. The mysterious young lady merely walked backwards and forwards in this manner to create a sensation, and—increase her dignity. After tea, when the ladies are working together in front of the fire, on a sudden down flops the mysterious young lady on the carpet. "What have you lost?" cry each and all. "Something," says the mysterious young lady; "I can find it my-

self." Presently she emerges from under the table, with a red face and a self satisfied expression. She has found what she dropped, but what that was, no one is ever informed, and no one knows to this day.

The mysterious young lady never tells beforehand what she is going to do. You do not know that she is going out walking till you see her with her bonnet on, and as to which way she is going, you may puzzle your brains as much as you please, but we will defy you to discover by hook or by crook. When she is going to a place, she never starts the direct way.

Such is the mysterious young lady every day of her life. But when there is really a secret of importance committed to her, which happens about once in two years,—just mark her then. Such a solemn look!—such a screwed up mouth to prevent the secret escaping. She looks more full of secrets than the sphinx of Egypt itself.

Her great forte, however, lies in her manner of opening a letter at breakfast. Mark how seriously she breaks the seal—how composedly she unfolds the epistle—and without saying a single word commences reading with the most intense interest. When she has finished, every one asks the news. "What news, love?" says mamma. "Anything about John?" says papa. "What does Amelia

say?" says Tom. The mysterious young lady solemnly shakes her head, and to each question answers with dignity, "Nothing—no news at all—nothing, nothing." Here little Jenny asks simply who the letter is from? The mysterious young lady deigns no answer. The general impatience increases—the dignity of the mysterious young lady is at its height. By degrees she lets out the news bit by bit. First, who the letter is from; then the date; then the place; then the first piece of news; then the second, and so on, enjoying her dignity to the last. When the news is all told and others want to read the letter, she always insinuates that there is a particular secret reserved for herself, which she wishes no one else to know; and by this manœuvre regains at once all her former dignity. Mamma smiles. Papa cries "Pish! nonsense!" Sisters begin to howl. The mysterious young lady is inflexible—and, finally destroys all further hope of gaining the secret, by depositing the letter in her desk, within that most secret and mysterious drawer, which the prying eyes of no mortal have yet seen into, except little Sam for one second, by creeping under the table; in return for which impertinence he received a certain hard box on the ear, which till this time he has not forgot, although it is a full year ago.

THE EXTREMELY NATURAL YOUNG LADY.

FAR be it from us to deny that the fair sex are exhibited to most advantage, when they throw off artificials and appear in their natural character. But there is a class who like so much to have it said of them "how very natural!" that they become affected on purpose.

The extremely natural young lady is always doing some out of the way thing, that she may appear simple and girlish. She is most particularly fond of romping; and, when you are out walking with her, is sure to run after a small donkey, or jump a ditch, or have her fortune told, or thrust herself bolt through a hedge; all which little exhibitions she esteems to be beautiful and touching pieces of rustic elegance. Then suppose she is able to sing, and comes to a green lane, forthwith she begins chirruping like a young sparrow; and if a cart pass by at that particular time, ten to one she jumps in and tells the boy to make the horses gallop. She enjoys nothing so much as getting her gown torn, and is particularly fond of arranging her hair out of doors. We have known her stop on a common, give us her bonnet and cap to hold, and proceed to her toilet in the most simple unaffected manner possible; all so de-



... *Spiz* ...

Mr. Robert Henry Boyd

10. VERY NERVOUSLY NATURAL YOUNG LADY

It is not necessary to deny that the skin of the Negro is darker than that of the white man, when they are both in the same place, and under the same conditions, and repeat in their national character, and in their habits, and in their minds, to have the same complexion. But the other becomes a

[illegible]

Then someone else is seen to approach and a green "new" feathered bird is seen chirping young in low, and it is seen to fly at the top of the tree. The same bird is heard to tell its name as it flies off. It says no

... and is par
out of doors. We

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lightfully natural; it was quite pleasant to see her setting her curls in their places, and wagging about her head right and left. When the natural young lady is in doors, she is always running out of doors, especially if it rains—*that* is perfection. She is delighted above all things with making snowballs. If there be a cow within a mile, she is sure to go some morning before breakfast and drink the warm milk, a feat of which she never ceases to talk for three months after. She will box a gentleman's ears and think nothing of it. She was never known to walk, but always hops and skips. Her utmost ambition is to be called a wild thing. This makes her talk frequently in a very odd manner, especially to gentlemen. She will tell Mr. Cripps that he looks particularly well, whereupon Mr. Cripps smiles, and is straightway informed that he looks particularly well for Mr. Cripps.

If we are ever to fall in love, in this late season of our existence, preserve us from falling in love with the extremely natural young lady.

THE LAZY YOUNG LADY.

As in the brute creation nature has created the sloth, the use of which animal our zoologists have never been able to discover,—so in the young lady creation we find an analogous class, whom from their habits we denominate the lazy young lady (*domina pigra*).

The lazy young lady was never known to get through the pronunciation of an ordinary monosyllable in less than thirty seconds. Assuredly she must have a wonderful taste for the beauties of language—for from her drawl it is plain, that she is determined on enjoying as long as she can every word that she utters, just as a prudent economical child sucks his barley sugar instead of biting it to pieces at once. Then observe the lazy young lady's attitude. Such a perfect lounge on the very easiest and lowest chair which she can pick out. We verily believe she knows every chair in the room by its comparative softness, or possibly, (as we have sometimes thought) she may have been born with an intuitive power of knowing the easiest chair at first sight. If it is winter, too, her cheeks are always most particularly red, from her custom of dragging the said chair as near to the fire as possible, and sitting there for

hours, with her feet on the fender, buried in huge worsted shoes, which remind you of the north pole and Captain Ross.

The lazy young lady is sometimes thin, and sometimes fat, but generally the latter. On any sudden concussion her cheeks will shiver like a jelly. If you will believe her, she always has a headache—but for our own part we strongly suspect, that this headache is very often a pure invention to gratify her lazy propensities. It is quite delightful to hear her colloquies with “mamma.” “My dear, run and tell Betty that I want her directly.” “Hadn’t I better ring the bell, mamma?” says the lazy young lady. “No, my dear, you know that your uncle Tom is ill, and the bell might wake him—go yourself.” “Yes, mamma,” drawls the lazy young lady, and drags herself along to the door at the rate of the minute hand of her own watch. At the door, however, her resolution to go all the way to Betty, (who perhaps may be up stairs making the beds,) fails her completely. To mount those pyramidal stairs is too awful a prospect. Accordingly, she stops at the bottom, and bawls out as loud as she can, “Betty, Betty, mamma wants you—make haste.” This done, she crawls back, like an old woman of a hundred, to her easy chair, and flings herself down, in a most terrible state of fatigue from her late exertions.

Presently the clock strikes eleven. "Now, my dear," says mamma, "go and practise." "The clock on the stairs hasn't struck yet," says the lazy young lady. At last the clock on the stairs strikes. The lazy young lady makes two efforts to rise from her chair without success. One would think that some invisible power held her back. "Oh, mamma," she cries out at length, "mayn't I put off practising till twelve? It will do just as well." "No, my dear," says mamma, who knows perfectly well, from experience, how cunning the lazy young lady can be when she wants to put off business; "No, my dear, go at once." The lazy young lady waddles off at this authoritative admonition, casting many a wistful glance backwards at the easy chair. You hear her sigh as she opens the door, which she closes with a bang, to save trouble. If you listen sharply, you will now hear heavy feet dragging slowly up stairs. Presently a low monotonous sound comes through the ceiling from the study, as of somebody practising on the piano forte. At first, it is tolerably quick. Allegro perhaps, but never presto. From allegro, it subsides in a few minutes to allegretto, and so to andante. Mamma listens with painful attention. What can be the matter? now only two or three notes are heard at wide intervals. Now the music has stopped altogether. Up jumps mamma, and is

met at the door by the lazy young lady returning from her practising. "What's this, Amelia?" says mamma; "you haven't been practising ten minutes." "I thought it was an hour," says the lazy young lady. "I am *so* tired, mamma, I really can't practise any more now." By this time she has reached the fire. The easy chair is too tempting. Down she flops, and remains there in the same position till she is forced to go and dress for dinner. By the time dinner is half over she comes back. Every thing is cold. Papa scolds, mamma frowns, brothers frown, and call her "lag last." "Why can't you be quicker?" says mamma. "Really, mamma," says the lazy young lady, "I came as quick as I could. I ran all the way down stairs."

THE YOUNG LADY FROM SCHOOL

THE young ladies from a school are a class of human beings whom, we flatter ourselves, we know the instant they are presented to our cognizance. We can even tell at a glance how long they have been at school; how long they have to stay, whether their school is in London or the country; whether it is a finishing school, or a beginning school, or a middling school; whether the mistress is an old maid, or a

widow ; and whether there are many young ladies at the said school, or only a few young ladies. All this we know from our first glance at a young lady from school.

If a young lady be really and truly at school, and not a mere private pupil (which is a sort of neutral animal), you may be sure that she has not yet come out, and that she has not yet come out you may easily know, by observing whether she dined with the company, or only came in to tea. Besides, young ladies who have not come out seem always out of their place, and are so intolerably fidgetty on their chairs, that you would think the cushions must be red hot to make them shift about so.

But the young lady from school is still more easily known, from her conversation with some other young lady who never was at school, or has just left school. Listen for a moment, and you will find that their whole discourse just now turns on Miss Simkins, the new governess, whom, you may easily perceive, the young lady from school most heartily detests. Presently the conversation shifts to an account of the new comers of "last half," Miss Shuffles, Miss Hopkins, Miss Louisa Tubbs, and Miss Jenny Hogg. Such a nice dear little thing is that little Jenny ! Then follows a long detail of the French books which they read now in the first class, which is

succeeded in due time by a serious quizzing of all the company present. We have studied the subject carefully, and aver that all your young ladies from school are quizzes without exception. And yet, you wouldn't think it, but each is *so* bashful, when a gentleman comes up and speaks to her, always calling him Sir, and after each reply, looking down slap upon her toes. To be fair, however, we confess that this is only just at first. In the course of five minutes, when you are more acquainted, she runs on at a surprising rate of tongue; and if you are disposed to draw her out, will tell you *such* stories of wicked deeds done at school. How one of the young ladies gathered an apple, out walking, by getting on the top of a stile: how another stole a little kitten, and carried it home in her muff, and kept it three whole days on gingerbread, in her bed-room, inside a band-box; how three of the elder ones, in concert, bribed old Sally with two and ninepence, and walked all the way to the fair after tea, to buy some sugar-candy, and *such* nice sugar-candy! With these, and such like little histories, she will divert you exceedingly.

Then it is quite ludicrous to see her walk; always endeavouring to walk as the posture-mistress, and not as nature taught her, till finally nature gets the better of the posture-mistress, and the young lady

from school walks for a brief moment like other two-legged beings. Observe, too, those two expressions so common with her,—“ We always do so at Miss La Trobe’s;” “ we never do so at Miss La Trobe’s;” mark how she introduces the touching words “ last half” in every other sentence ; watch her affectionate fondness for tarts and “ nice things ;” and if, after all this, you cannot pronounce any given young lady in the universe to be, or not to be, a young lady from school, we give you up as a blockhead, fit to return to school yourself, and stay there too, vacations and all.

CONCLUSION.

HERE we pause, after having described, to the best of our zoological powers, two dozen classes of young ladies. Far be it from us even to hint that we have exhausted the precious store, which, as we have before observed, we conceive to be co-extensive with the most unlimited works of nature, both in point of number and variety. All that we pretend to say, is, that we have selected the most striking and important classes at this present time existing in Great Britain. We candidly confess, that we have even passed over many classes of great weight in

society, not through ignorance, but for fear of wearying the reader's attention with too long a catalogue even of young ladies. Thus we have not considered in the least either the over-particular young lady, or the common-place young lady, or the passionate young lady, or the shop-going young lady, or the obstinate young lady, or the flirting young lady, or the young lady of feeling, or the married young lady, or the young lady who is an old maid, or the old maid who is a young lady; all of which classes, it must be confessed, exercise a great influence on the fate of Great Britain in general, and their own villages in particular.

Enough has been done, however, to show the extent and philosophy of the subject in a fair proportion; and if the young ladies themselves shall confess that, on the whole, we have been true to nature in our researches, there is no higher praise which we desire. Doubtless some gentlemen will accuse us of exhibiting the young lady creation in by no means the most amiable of all possible colours. To this we plead guilty, but must add in our justification, that the general excellence of the youthful fair constrained us, if we would describe them, to have recourse to particular foibles. Moreover, we do hope and trust, that this treatise is to work some good even among the young ladies themselves;

whom, as a body, we love and admire too much to conceal from them what it is that makes them sometimes to be ridiculous with all their good qualities.

Let us hope that the young ladies for once will forgive us for trying to serve them a good turn, especially as we engage ever after from this time to praise them up to the skies, and down again too, if they so desire.



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